



## Those People Are Friends



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### Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Andrew never raised his voice. Never had, probably never would. He never had the need. People respected him and listened when he talked. He knew what to say to calm down fights. He could talk his way out of anything with the teachers.

But there was one occasion where Andrew had to raise his voice.

### Chapter 2 by MochaMika



The fire burned, not only the house, his family but also his happiness. Andrew stared at the crowd around him, and then at his father, who remained limp in his arms. He then glared at the crowd, but their attention was focused on the house filled with flames. He looked around to notice a camera, which spied on the citizens of town. "They murdered him! They are killers of truth!"

Andrew yelled pointing at the camera, as the crowd stared at him some in disbelief and others in shock.

"This wasn't an accident! They caused this!" Andrew yelled, at the top of his lungs. He heard a distant siren, and knew trouble was about to arrive. He picked himself up, and glared at the

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He quickly turned his head as he heard the sirens getting closer, and blacked out.

### Chapter 3 by theRANDOM\_



Andrew woke up to the pungent smell of disinfectant. He gently rubbed his eyes and the opened them. He was surprised at how immaculate the room was. The walls were spotless and the floor was gleaming.

He was in a small room about the same size as a large bathroom. Andrew tried to stand up, but the smell was overpowering and Andrew immediately sank to the ground. A few minutes later after Andrew had adjusted to his new surroundings he tried again. This time was better than the last but still his legs were far too weak. His back was also in pain since his bed during the last night had been an elevated concrete slab. So he leant against the wall in an effort to examine his surroundings.

He had not moved a few metres when two heavily armed guards walked in alongside a middle-aged man who simply said, "Doctor Harris would like to meet you".

### Chapter 4 by Magnolia



Andrew felt the blood drain from his body as he went numb. He knew who Doctor Harris was, everyone knew who that man was. Doctor Harris was the one that people who spoke too loudly gets sent to. He's the problem solver. He's the oil in the system that makes it 'run smoothly'.

"There must be a mistake, I've done nothing wrong. Where's my father?" The two guards grabbed Andrew by his arms and forcefully dragged him out the door.

"That's not for you to decide, young man. Your father created enough of a stir and we just want to make sure you don't travel down the same path as him. you should feel blessed, the Doctor has decided that you were worth saving." The middle aged man wrote something down on a clipboard he had been carrying.

Dread filled Andrew's heart as he started to remember the rumors about those who had been 'blessed by Doctor Harris'. Those few that came back did not come back the same. They had been fixed. reformed. crafted into another quite cog in the system. Andrew remembered

hearing about some of his father's writing friends who had been requested by Doctor Harris, they never picked up a pen again.

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Andrew feared about how he would be treated. The only thing he had done was raise his voice. His voice! Andrew pulled his arms away from the guards and felt his throat.

He knew how Doctor Harris would 'fix' him.

The guards pushed him from behind and continued to usher him to an office door. The middle aged man knocked on the door once they arrived. Andrew heard a soft but strong voice beckon them in. Once pushed threw the door, the guards slammed it behind Andrew.

"I like your voice. It has a very strong demeanor to it, young man. I hope you use it more wisely from her on out. A voice is a very powerful thing, you know." Doctor Harris' voice echoed in Andrew's ears as he met the man's eyes, "It would be a shame if something were to happen to it."

### Chapter 5 by Kendall



The guards locked Andrew in a small concrete room with Harris and his team. The day was long and unproductive, filled with pestering questions about his father, his writings, and what his justification was for his outspoken display of rebellion.

Doctor Harris was a dried up, repulsive, little man.

He and a board of some other heartless soul-sucking doctors and scientists, hooked Andrew up to a lie-detector, and watched him refuse to answer their questions. The more Andrew restrained, the more he was punished with electrical shocks and pinches.

Doctor Harris had given up at just about the same time Andrew had finally lost count of the time of day, as his torturing seemed to go on for decades. He slowly pushed his metal stool out, deliberately making it scream as it was dragged across the concrete floor.

Andrew slumped against the opposite wall, breathless and bruised, but determined to keep his mouth shut.

The doctor slowly made his way over to his prisoner as his colleagues shuffled out of the room.

"Nice work today. You're a tough one to crack."

Andrew smirked with his crooked teeth. See more of Story Wars

Doctor Harris leaned into Andrew's face, his skin cold. "Why so quiet this evening, huh? You didn't seem to have a problem peaking up when your father was burning

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alive..."

Andrew's face grew red as the sweat dripping down his forehead started to boil. He sucked on his bloody gums, and mustered up the courage to spit in the doctor's face.

Harris kept a calm exterior, taking Andrew's disagreement without flinching. His hands remained locked behind his back, he turned on his heel, and left the room without another word.

Andrew screamed and hot tears rolled down his cheeks as he repetitively threw his head against the wall. His mutters grew from inaudible frowns to whispered apologies.

"Father, I'm sorry. This is my fault, this is my fault. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll avenge you. He'll die. They'll all die."

Andrew eventually cried himself to sleep, curled up on the cold floor. The same two guards from earlier entered the room. The younger of the two recoiled as the smell of sweat and dried blood filled his nostrils. They lifted Andrew to his limp feet, and dragged him back to his cell.

## Chapter 6 by ImaLeo



Andrew lost track of time, and Time lost track of him. In his mind, his sessions with the Doctor and his assistants was both eternal and fleeting. He never spoke, taking joy in the exasperation of his tormentors. And the Doctor knew that his silence was dangerous, and decided to spend as much time as required to have his way.

Though the days passed, the routine stayed the same. It was only in the quiet reprieve of his cell did Andrew even dare to let his mind wander. He traveled back in time, to his youth, to a place where free speech was indeed free. And in his mind, he watched us sign our own death sentences.

People forgot the meaning of free speech. Spoke not for the sake of speaking out, but for the

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## Chapter 7 by banana



It was those they called "Friends". The memories, that people wrote about, that were words of joy and happiness, were now lost and forgotten.

He was still a child when he found the books his father. When he still went to school, they always told him "Don't be adventurous, don't snoop, don't be courageous, and never ever be curious. Otherwise you will lose 'Friends'."

They had mild punishments, but they got worse the older you got. Andrew quickly understood, that if he would be to survive, have 'Friends' and not be punished, you have to be quiet, small, and clever.

But he knew there was something up with his father. He heard the quiet whispers, which made no sense, because they sounded like words that were mashed together, when he was sitting in the commune office with the other lot members.

One day he risked one of the rules. One of his colleagues went missing. No one talked about it, he even tried to ask the 'Teacher', but she only said to him "Andrew, what is our rule here at 'Home'?" and he quietly answered "Don't be curious." and with that, she dismissed him. He felt that something was going on, he felt a sudden rush of energy in his system, and he just had to do something. He went back and forth in the main area of their commune lot, but it was not enough. So he snooped. He looked behind the sitting bulks, he counted the corners of the wall, he inspected the machines that were in front of them, and he found a hole behind the operating machine of his dad.

And there were books. Not many, but some. When Andrew picked one of them up he was surprised about the material. It was rough, and it didn't feel cold and stiff. It was a bit torn apart at the edges, with little strings coming out of them, and it had an embroidered inscription on the cover. He let his fingertip glide over it, feeling every detail of the embroidery. "Fahrenheit 451".

"You know, they don't make those anymore. Even for a long time now." With startlement he let

out a squeal and the book fell to the ground with a loud thump. "Dad, I'm so sorry Dad, I'm really sorry."

"Don't be," his dad said with a shrug. "I know you didn't mean to do it. Please, follow me," as he walked towards the commune office. "I want to understand what I have to say and ask you to do."

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## Chapter 8 by banana



As his eyes adjusted to the cold and fluroscent room they entered his memory vanished slowly. It faded into grey dust and fog.

He heard both of the guards coming back again, for the perpetuating routine they have all found themselves in.

Andrew sat straight against the wall, looking into nothingness. His eyes were red and blood stricken. His hair was a complete mess, some of them burned at their tips. His mouth was white and the skin was ripped at the corners. Under his eyes it was almost completely black. He was just a ghost, a vessel for all the punishments Dr. Harris has put him into.

The two guards entered the room without any word, picking Andrew up and dragging him across the floor, outside. But this time, they weren't going the same path as always. This time they entered an elevator. The guards adjusted Andrew against the wall. They didn't expect any resistance from him anymore. The elevator made a ping noise as they arrived a floor and the doors opened in a smooth move.

Andrew, even though he was not really there, looked into the hallway that has just opened before them. It was almost a bicarre looking place.

It was warm and inviting. There were rugs on the floor, and shelves out of wood at the sides. Flickering yellow light lit the hallway, but before Andrew could further inspect the hallway from a distance the guards picked him up again, one of them saying "This time, you won't be so quiet. This time you will have to speak. Believe me." Andrew's confused eyes were piercing from the unfamiliar tone of light, they were burning like fire and began to water up. The pain was unbearable, but he kept them open, he didn't even flinch.

At the end of the hallway was a door, one of the guards opened it. Andrew saw a sign at the door, and this time, he flinched. No way. How was that possible? How in all the world was that possible? No. He saw him. HE SAW HIM! Why was he here? He began to shift, but the guards had their grip on them as tight as possible. "What are you doing? How is this possible? No.

Please NO! This can't be!" One of the guards said "See, this time you won't be quiet." The three of them entered the room. And then...

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sight. He kneeled at the floor, to the person standing at the window overlooking 'Home'. "Dad..."

the end

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